The
COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 299
THE POACHED EGG HOUSE *E. A. Braniff* 302
THE DEAD IN EUROPE (*Verse*) *Robert Lowell* 305
REPUDIATION IN ST. LOUIS *Art Kuhl* 305
COMMUNICATIONS 307
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 308
THE PARK AND THE WORLD *C. G. Paulding* 309
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 311
Ivy Gripped the Steps—The English Way—The Housatonic—Hungary to Be or Not to Be—Alexander of Macedon—The Messenger—The Unterrified
THE INNER FORUM 316

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The New Western Bloc

CERTAIN portions of the American press probably could not be expected to accept with any equanimity the emergence in Europe of powerful political parties claiming Catholic inspiration while pursuing their autonomous "secular" work in no strictly confessional or sectarian sense. These parties, though their programs as announced are sufficiently radical in economics and sociology to give nightmares to an ordinary American Republican or Democrat, are generally referred to as parties of the "Right" in our press, perhaps because the two other principal political groups—the Socialists and the Communists—have even more radical notions about private property and state centralism.

As we have several times remarked, the labels Right and Left have really lost all sense in the present political scene, except as the one refers to the few existing remnants of genuine, oldtime capitalism, and the other to the anarchists, Trotskyites, and other even smaller remnants of oldtime revolution. And as long as these ancient labels continue to have more meaning for our minds than the things to which they are glued, we shall all of us fail in our political judgments concerning the way the world is wagging.

During the past few days there have been published two prime specimens of confusion in this connection. The *Nation* gives us another article by the egregious Alvarez del Vayo, concerning whom we have felt impelled to write far more than we might have wished during the last years. Mr. del Vayo is not only a bad prophet, as is readily demonstrable from the record, but he writes with a bias which has a strange double effect: it is enough to make the angels weep and to make men furious.

The angels may weep because of his adeptness at seizing upon what is disreputable, politically, in the Catholic past and at blinding himself utterly to unpleasant things about Marxist history, while men are maddened by his equal adeptness either in minimizing or in completely overlooking what is good in the Catholic past. Both angels and men would be maddened at his trick of politicizing every utterance of a Catholic or of the Vatican, even when such utterances have no connection whatever with politics.

Thus once and for all might not a halt be called to quoting the Pope's thanks to Franco and the Spanish people for what they did in war relief? The fact is that they did a great deal. Because you do not like their politics, are you therefore to assimilate their politics to the Pope personally, and to "the Church" institutionally, when he thanks them for their charity? Granting that much of the record, always politically speaking, of Catholic bishops in Germany, Italy, France, Spain, etc. is unsympathetic to a *Nation* reader, is it fair to cite only that portion of the record which is unsympathetic and to pass over in silence the portion which is not? Is it fair to pretend that democratic and progressive political thinking among Catholics is something brand new when it dates to the beginning of the Church?

The simple historical fact is that what we call "progressive" is always a minority position in any non-totalitarian society until it has been achieved, and then some other group of issues will arise, again to be defended by a minority and again to be in a freshly "progressive" category.

What we are really confronting is an emergence into leadership, with the war having served as a catalytic, of a kind of Catholic political thinking which for a century has been minority thinking in most countries—so much minority thinking as to be still almost non-existent in some. The Vatican did not select Georges Bidault to be leader of the MRP; the Resistance Movement selected him. The Vatican did not select de Gasperi in Italy. Before the war these men represented ideas; they now represent political leadership. It is possible that because they are labeled Catholic and because some journalists persist in labeling them Right, they will attract into their parties men bent upon transforming those parties toward reaction. But we prefer to believe, and have reason to be-

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lieve, that this transformation will not happen. There is nothing inconsistent in a church which has produced a Chrysostom, a Saint Thomas, a de las Casas, a Nabuco, a von Ketteler, an Ozanam from producing today a leadership in the same line which will command mass followings among Catholics such as few of these men during their lifetimes ever commanded. And since such a tradition clearly exists, why must we everlastingly be confronted with a plot by "the real bosses" for its perversion into another tradition which has indeed existed, but which gives every sign today of lacking all dynamism?

The *Christian Century,* in far more civilized fashion, is also worried about the new "Catholic Western Bloc." But they come by their special worries honestly as Evangelical Protestants with their own tradition of suspicion. And since they are willing enough to admit that they cannot conceive of becoming the allies of communism, their dilemma is much simpler. Shall they swallow their suspicions and work with the Vatican, differing as they see fit to differ, or are they doomed "to the ignominious rôle of trailing along in a 'me too' acquiescence in the leadership of the papacy?" That, we submit, is putting the matter in a much fairer light. And we insist that the Pope has left the door open to a reasonable solution of their difficulty.

The Agony of OPA

THE TEMPTATION is to write an editorial on the death agony of OPA which will simply explode in a burst of fury at the perversity of Congress. Resisting this temptation, we shall try to concentrate on the facts, of which the principal ones can be checked in the veto message of President Truman and the rebuttal of Senator Taft, published respectively in the New York *Times* for June 30 and July 1.

The first fact, of course, is that Congress waited until Friday, June 28, two days before the deadline, to pass a bill which extended the life of OPA for another year. The second fact is that this bill so drastically amended OPA that President Truman felt obliged to run the risk of having no OPA at all rather than approve it. As he put it, it was "a choice between inflation with a statute and inflation without one." This courageous veto message of Truman's is worth reading. Price control is by its very nature a field in which there are so many facts and figures, so many circumstances altering cases, so many cases altering circumstances, that the average man often wanders around in it lost, guided only by a vague, formless fear that there are robbers in the woods and that they are pretty sure to come out and fleece him when and if the state trooper goes home to bed.

Truman's veto message cuts a few straight paths in this figure-tangled field. His main attack, for example, is leveled at the Taft amendment, and unless you read the message itself you may never learn how awful this amendment really is, because we notice that the papers like to skip over it lightly or summarize it somewhat airily.

Briefly, the amendment is this: it "puts into [manufacturing] prices the profit per unit of sales which the industry received for that particular product in the year 1941." Now the important thing to know about the year 1941 is that it was a wonderful year for profits, more wonderful than any year since, and 50 percent more wonderful than the very, very wonderful year of 1929. As Truman himself said so aptly, the Taft amendment is strictly a "bonanza formula." What is worse, it is a formula which kicks right in the pants the whole idea of high-volume-low-profit-per-unit which so many businessmen have boasted was now the new creed of American business and the salvation of our economy.

Does Senator Taft deny any of these facts? No, he does not. With his voice positively quivering with injured virtue, he says, "After all, this is peacetime again. Why shouldn't the producer be placed in the same position he was in before the war?"

There it is, friends. Let's just forget all about the war, shall we? It was only the most colossal, the most destructive, the most expensive, the most altogether devastating war in the history of mankind. Pay no attention. To Senator Taft there is no reason at all why the producer should not be placed "in the same position he was in before the war." Well, not just any old position before the war. Not the '38 position. By no means the '33 position. Just the '41 position—that wonderful, relaxed posture, leaning back on a soft divan of profits, surrounded by dancing girls and the rich fruits of other peoples' wars.

There is a final fact which is inescapable, but which still escapes Senator Taft and his ilk (meaning about 90 percent of the Republicans now in Congress and 35 percent of the Democrats). That is this: American labor, particularly in the CIO, has made it as plain as it possibly can that it is not going to sit around and watch its recent wage increases slip quietly into the pockets of the profiteers. So we have another round of strikes. Production is stalled again. Costs go up some more. Prices go up some more. There's no end to it.

Fortunately, there is one fact even more final than that. That is that Congressmen, especially in an election year, are sometimes even more sensitive to heat from their constituents than they are to the incense and flowers lavished on them by the lobbyists of business. OPA may yet be raised from the dead. If you write your Congress-

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man, make it short and make it hot. And now if you'll excuse us, we'll just go off in a quiet corner and explode.

Threat to the Displaced Persons

A MOST alarming despatch from Berlin printed in the July 1 New York *Times* threatens to seal the fate of hundreds of thousands of refugees unable or unwilling to return to their native homes. It cites an UNRRA directive just issued to the effect that "further aid to all non-Jewish Poles, Yugoslavs and other nationals of United Nations countries in Germany as displaced persons would be refused unless they consented to return to their former homes." The directive was signed by Lieut. Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan, the British chief of UNRRA operations in Germany who was so badly misinterpreted and bitterly attacked here for his remarks on certain refugee organizations several months ago.

The directive calls for the immediate reexamination of the status of all displaced persons camps in Germany; the new rule will also apply to all newcomers. The largest national group involved comprises more than 200,000 Poles. While the military in the American, British and French zones have assumed the principal responsibility for the maintenance of these refugees unwilling or unable to be repatriated, UNRRA has had over 5,000 representatives in the three zones assisting the military authorities in health, welfare, administration and transport work.

Despite the uncertainties as to what form UNRRA activities would take after the first of the year, the United States has vigorously continued to sustain the cause of the displaced persons over and against the totalitarian contention of the USSR and her satellites that these exiles should be repatriated regardless of their wishes or their fears for their safety. The UNRRA directive of itself does not necessarily exclude continuation by the occupation authorities of the basic food and shelter facilities maintained at the displaced persons' "assembly centers" throughout Germany's western zones. It would be a terrible thing if both UNRRA and the military authorities should give way before Russian pressure in a matter where such essential human rights are at stake.

Protecting these exiled men, women and children from having to choose either starvation or forcible repatriation is but one, if immediately the most urgent, aspect of the problem. Camps provide no long range solution to their plight. A system of voluntary resettlement in which the United States must assume her full share of expense and accept her full quota of immigrants has to be set up. The displaced persons, whose precarious existence appears to be so gravely threatened by this new UNRRA edict, have a right to a new start in life under conditions which promise a fair chance of success. A workable program must follow hard upon the necessary delaying action called for today.

Co-ops and Taxes

THE RECENT scoring of the "National Tax Equality Association"—leader in the fight against continued expansion by American consumer cooperatives—by the House Committee on Small Business points to a continuing conflict which seldom makes newspaper headlines. The argument which NTEA representatives of business make their chief contention in Washington and elsewhere is that cooperatives have an unfair advantage in that their operations are exempt from taxation. This exemption subjects private enterprise to unfair competition in the opinion of this active pressure group.

A secondary answer to this charge is that cooperatives pay such normal assessments as sales and real estate taxes, while the members who comprise the cooperatives pay individual taxes on the interest they receive on the cooperative stock in which they have invested. The crucial question has to do with "profits" on operations. Co-ops claim that they have no profits. They sell at the market price for the benefit primarily of their membership. Whatever margin there is between cost of operations and gross income is periodically apportioned by vote of the members. Ordinarily some of it goes into modest reserves for possible contingencies, another portion is allocated to the local organization's educational activities while the rest is returned to the members in proportion to their purchases at the co-op (the patronage dividend or rebate). That such a margin is different from the profits registered by straight business enterprises is evident enough. Business operates for the benefit of comparatively few (the profit motive); co-ops are organized by groups for the good of all customers (production for use). There is a real distinction. But that is not to say that the marketing activities of consumer cooperatives do not enjoy a certain competitive advantage over private enterprises in the fact of their exemption from taxation on the margin between costs and revenue from operations.

Why not admit this and go on to say that it is a good thing that such public-spirited and self-reliant group activities should enjoy a certain privileged status? The House Committee on Small Business is of the opinion, at any rate, that "cooperatives are a bulwark of democracy and stood on the side of small business in the fight against monopoly and the concentration of economic power."

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The Poached Egg House

E. A. Braniff

I WOULD like to tell it my way for once, the way it really came about, without comment, correction or interference from the family—the story of the old house we have lived in for more than a quarter century. If I'm ever allowed to finish, then it will be their turn to raise their voices in laughter and derision.

It was in the late afternoon of a warm September day in 1917. I was returning to my office, turning over in my mind the old problem of finding a place to live, when I stopped to read a sign nailed against a big frame structure:

THIS BARN AND CARRIAGE HOUSE FOR SALE CHEAP.

MUST BE MOVED FROM PREMISES PROMPTLY.

I paused for a moment, glancing at the barn which stood on the back of the lot behind a fine old-fashioned house occupied by a pioneer family. They had sold off the horses and carriages long ago when automobiles came in and now used a part of the barn for their cars. The owner wanted to build a modern garage and needed the space.

Continuing on to my office I found a letter from my wife. Now I must explain our situation: We had been married some ten years, had two young children, had never owned a home of our own. That was all right in the early years when I was constantly on the go over wide spaces in the west, a Government forester living in small cattle towns, mining camps, lumber towns, and wherever I went my wife, a New Englander, followed. Through all those years we were always talking about settling down somewhere with a home of our own.

Of course that sort of thing couldn't go on indefinitely if only because of the children. Ultimately I gave up my job, and after some years of floundering about in one place and another I moved to a promising little town in the Oklahoma oil country and went into the life insurance business.

I had no acquaintances there, knew nothing of the business, had little money. But the worst of it was there was no house or apartment which I could rent. Even the hotels would not take us in for more than a few days because of the children. When the first World War came the railroads would not accept shipments of household goods to our town until satisfied the owner had a house to contain them because its tracks there were choked with hundreds of cars on demurrage.

My wife had a sister on the Connecticut coast with a summer cottage. She invited her to share the place with her for the season. So I packed them off one day, promising to have a home of some sort in September, then went myself and got a room at the YMCA. I plunged then into my job of selling insurance to people I had never met before, but had little success, for I was not a salesman. So the summer passed for me in discomfort and frustration.

My wife's letter lay there on my desk and I did not open it. I knew what it would say—"What have you done about a place for us to live? When can we come back? The season is getting late; they are soon to close the cottage; school opens soon, etc." I opened the letter; I was right—it said just that. This had been the burden of her letters for some weeks.

I went out on the street again to think things over, then drifted back to the corner where I had seen the sign. It was dusk as I stood there musing and looking at the ancient carriage house, when the owner drove into the driveway and parked his car in front of me.

"What do you want for it?" I asked.

"I'll take four hundred dollars, provided you get it off the lot right away."

"It's a deal," I said. "See you in the morning."

When I had reached the corner I turned for another look at my impulsive purchase. There was a red sunset behind the oil refineries on the other side of the river; the windows of the old barn reflected the rays, and there was a glow in the sky behind the roof. The barn looked big, a regular castle. I walked back to town thinking, now what am I going to do with it?

I paid the owner next morning and got his bill of sale. At the bottom he had written "to be moved off the premises within one week."

"But look here," I objected, "suppose I can't get a house mover so soon?" He promised to be lenient, wrote "if possible" at the end of the line.

I had the luck to get hold of Old Man Baker, who was just finishing a house moving job, and could come "right quick." He examined my property carefully; tapped the walls and joists and nodded his satisfaction. "Everything sound but the sills—they'll have to be renewed; good construction; don't build this way now; will stand a lot of moving. Where you want it moved, Bud?"

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I hadn't thought of that, stood there gaping. To build a house one must have something to stand it on—that's elemental. "What would the price be," I asked, "to move it say a mile and a half?"

"Which way? I can't go north on account of the grade; or west on account of those big trees over the street; or east on account of the railroad crossing. Where's your lot?"

"Over there," I said, waving my arm, "about a mile or so out that way. You can jack the thing up, get the timbers and rollers under it and snatch it off the premises."

He chewed his tobacco in silence, then made a price by the day for his time and equipment. It sounded steep but I said, "Get going."

There was another letter from my wife that day, more pleading, more urgent than ever. It had been a lovely summer, but she couldn't decently stay longer. . . .

It seemed that my stalling had come to an end. With a sigh I wrote her that I had just bought a house—lovely place and all that . . . house needs a bit of fixing though; will take some time, so don't be in a hurry; stay as long as you can.

That letter was a big mistake. I should have let her suffer a little longer.

For the next few days I was busy with my insurance affairs which, for unaccountable reasons, began suddenly to flourish. All summer there had been little progress, but now I was making substantial sales. Why? I didn't know. It began the day I bought that barn.

Meanwhile I carefully avoided contact with Old Man Baker, but at night would prowl about the streets until I found the red lanterns he had hung about my property and would note progress. Several times he sent messages to the office asking for his destination, but I had nothing to give him —there just wasn't any terminal yet. One day he cornered me. "Out there," I repeated. "You're getting paid by the day, so keep moving. It's your baby."

As I escaped him, a story came to mind about a man in the insane asylum who thought himself a poached egg. He kept rolling over on the floor—in search, he explained, of a bit of toast on which to come to rest. Old Man Baker with my barn, looking for my non-existent lot, was that old whimsy come to life. I burst into such reckless laughter that people passing stopped to look.

It was no laughing matter though, that a telegram from my wife came next morning saying she was on her way back and would arrive in two days.

Now the crisis was come, but I rose to it. I must find that piece of toast on which to rest my egg. I went into Joe's real estate office and said I must have a lot out southeast somewhere. What did they have to offer? Joe and I got in his car. We drove around, he pricing this and that, until we came to a new addition, a block of lots on which no one yet had built. Joe said it was going to be a swell neighborhood. I might have my choice of any lot at $25 a front foot.

"How about this 70-foot front on the corner?"

He nodded. It came to $1,750. That much for a lot fronting on two streets was not bad. I signed the sales purchase agreement, paid a trifle down and sent the abstract to a lawyer for title examination. Next I told Old Man Baker where to set my barn, which relieved him greatly. All this so elated me that I felt able to face my wife's return with a measure of fortitude.

They came piling out of the train, tired and dusty from the long ride. I took them to some pleasant rooms which, by extraordinary chance, I had found that very day through a friend—temporary quarters, but they would serve for a few weeks.

"But the house—you haven't started doing anything to it yet, have you, dear?" she asked. "You would be sure to spoil it. What does a man know? I must see what it needs."

"Oh, the house! But it's so late. You can all have your baths now; then we'll go to dinner, then you'll rest. And tomorrow perhaps. . . ."

She was not to be diverted, too excited to taste her food, her mind returning all through the meal to the absorbing topic. What did it look like, that house? How many bedrooms? Was there more than one bath? And why did I not call her back before deciding?

No time for that, I told her. A rare bargain; snapped it up before others could get it. Oh, a noble house we will make of it! . . .

But when would I show it to her? . . . Tomorrow, perhaps, if I could find the time. I told her how well I was doing now in a business way; things were certainly looking up.

She was glad, but—why couldn't she go out tomorrow while I was busy and have a peep for herself? Please, please!

No, I said. I wanted to be with her, show her the house myself, see how pleased she would be. I spoke again of my house with fervor, with gusto; described the big yard, the fine neighborhood, the schools. It was a good act, but invention and courage had begun to flag, and I wanted to get away.

In the early dusk we returned to our room. I made an excuse of some prospects to be seen and was off like a shot. What a day!

With feet that lagged and brain that reeled I tramped the streets to where I had left that sorry shell.

I did not have to wait until tomorrow. My house mover had got another contract and was anxious to finish with mine. He was putting in

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extra hours, had actually dragged his load past the pavement onto the rough dirt road facing my lot. With two big trucks straining at the ropes, every pulley screaming, every timber groaning in travail, my wreck was lumbering along like an old ship breaking up in a choppy sea. Windows had fallen out, doors banged on their rusty hinges; there were gaping holes in the roof, the sides bulged. But she was a sturdy craft and she held.

I followed along in the half dark behind the swaying red lanterns until aware of someone at my side. My wife! She had followed me from our rooms. Woman's intuition, or insatiable curiosity. Wouldn't wait until tomorrow. She wanted that peep of her house—and she had it!

★

All I remember now of that scene is her first gasping incredulity, the slow gathering horror on her face, then quiet frozen despair. At last she spoke to me: I should make a deal with the mover, she said. Let him have the Thing as it stood and on the best terms I could make. As for her, she would never look at it again.

I had not a word to say, but a slow, just resentment gathered in me as we returned to our rooms. We had a sleepless night. As I lay tossing, a stubborn resolution formed to go through with my enterprise, cost what it would. I had thought first, if I thought at all, of making the barn into temporary quarters until I could build permanently. Now I decided that this should be our home. I knew a young architect, a Beaux Arts graduate just getting started and eager for any kind of work. When he looked at what the mover had now shunted onto my corner, he began talking about Normandy farmhouses. He had spent some months in the French countryside. The gables and roof lines of my barn could, with little structural change, be adapted to what he had in mind. Later he drew a picture, which I thought so alluring that I stood it on my wife's dresser. For a time she ignored it, but one day I saw her pick it up and look at it for a long time. She made a few suggestions for changes. That was enough. I told my architect to go ahead with his plans.

The building of that house is a story in itself: how I struggled and argued with silk-shirted carpenters, with masons and plumbers and painters during those hectic days of the war; how I paid huge prices for labor and materials, borrowed at the banks and from Building and Loan Associations, from loan sharks and individuals, paying as high as ten percent; how I financed and refinanced; how we moved into our house before it was finished, while the plasterers were still at work in the upper rooms and the walks not laid, the yard not graded; and how, to keep things going, I campaigned in every office downtown and contrived somehow to sell enough insurance to stay barely solvent.

I remember that the lathers working on my walls found straw behind the sheathing; that under the gables the roofers found hickory nuts which the squirrels had stored and forgotten long years before; and I suspect that much of such trash is still buried behind those ancient walls, because sometimes of nights I fancy I can hear the mice in there behind the plaster.

We moved in, as I said, and let the house grow up around our ears. At last it was done and furnished and we had a lovely home. My wife's pride in it was intense, her sense of possession touching. The years passed; the brawling, bustling, boasting oil town grew into the lovely, lively, livable city. Not once did my wife ever refer to the unhappy circumstances under which our enterprise had got under way. All that was now completely covered up and forgotten, like the hay and nuts behind the plaster.

Then the town began growing out our way; business was encroaching on the quiet neighborhood. We found ourselves in a few years at the intersection of two trafficways from the downtown district, with traffic signals on the corners. Returning one summer from a vacation, we found workmen putting up a neighborhood theatre and store building on the diagonal corner.

Soon after, a real estate man called at the house; said he would like to buy our corner. My wife was indignant. "Sell my lovely home? Indeed I will not!"

No, said my wife firmly. This house of hers had memories, traditions. She had planned and built it, had selected the lot on which it stood. She would never live in any other house.

Looking into the matter next day, I found that the residence restrictions in my deed would run out in less than a year; that the Planning Commission had zoned my corner and the lots just beyond for business. I engaged an architect, who drew plans for a group of suburban stores; had no difficulty in arranging with several chain store systems for leases when and if I built. With this encouragement I then acquired the two properties adjoining my corner.

★

The real difficulty lay in my wife's attachment to her home. One day she made a strange remark: "This house," she said, "has brought us good luck from the start. We never had a home until we built it, but from that time we prospered. I feel, if we ever abandoned it to move to some finer place it would be a betrayal and our good fortune would vanish."

Suppose, I said, it were possible to pick it up again and transport it through the block over

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onto the next street behind us? We would still be in the same block, but facing another way. Thus we could avoid all this traffic and still be contained in our old shell. And to this, after long hesitation, she agreed.

So the old barn and carriage house was moved again, by Old Man Baker's sons this time; it was lifted and tilted and twisted, and it looked still more tragic, more terrible even than ten years before, because the big chimneys at either end had to be taken down and rebuilt, and all the stucco cracked, and those floors couldn't possibly be kept level but will always have hills and valleys. And the cost too was much more than any new house would have come to, but. . . .

It was still the same house, and "the spirit of place" has never left it.

The stores were built on the corner, one after the other, as tenants were found; the property became a fine suburban shopping district, has always brought in a good revenue. But the house shows signs of age and a hard life; it has aged with the family which occupies it. My wife recently has demanded a thorough renovation: new paint, new plaster, new shingles, new gutters. That will cost a lot of money in these times.

"Let it alone," I said. "It will outlast us as it is, and then who cares?"

"Nonsense," said my wife. "When you were ailing I sent you to the doctor for your operation and you got well. Why shouldn't I do as much by my house?"

The Dead in Europe

After the planes unloaded, we fell down
Buried together, unmarried men and women;
Not crown of thorns, not iron, not Lombard crown,
Not grilled and spindle spires pointing to heaven
Could save us. Raise us, Mother, we fell down
Here hugger-mugger in the jellied fire:
Our sacred earth in our day was our curse.

Our Mother, shall we rise on Mary's day
In Maryland, wherever corpses married
Under the rubble, bundled together? Pray
For us whom the blockbusters marred and buried;
When Satan scatters us on Rising-day,
O Mother, snatch our bodies from the fire:
Our sacred earth in our day was our curse.

Mother, my bones are trembling and I hear
The earth's reverberations and the trumpet
Bleating into my shambles. Shall I bear,
(O Mary!) unmarried man and powder-puppet,
Witness to the Devil? Mary, hear
O Mary, marry earth, sea, air and fire;
Our sacred earth in our day is our curse.

ROBERT LOWELL.

Repudiation in St. Louis

ART KUHL

The following article presents a graphic account of recent happenings in St. Louis connected with the banning of a Gerald L. K. Smith meeting, scheduled to take place in the municipal auditorium. We are not in the least sympathetic to Mr. Smith's views; far from it, as readers of THE COMMONWEAL must well know from our past record. Yet we are deeply concerned over the principle of free speech in American public life. It is significant that events similar to those described below have taken place within a year or so in Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco as well as in St. Louis. A definite technique is emerging for effecting the denial of constitutional rights.

Those who have developed it have invariably been either closely associated with the communist cause in this country or with a group of what might be called the *un-wise* opponents of anti-Semitism. As is well known, communists, who have traditionally insisted upon their own civil rights in this country, in theory deny civil rights to all those who disagree with them. For the first time in America this theory has been applied—applied, it is true, to a thoroughly unsympathetic movement, a movement no decent American would wish to seem to defend. But once the technique has been allowed to develop and succeed with such reprehensible rabble-rousers as Gerald L. K. Smith, the political and constitutional consciences of Americans will have been dulled, and the technique can easily be extended to cover other opponents of materialistic communism.

It is a very old story. Either our system is truly based on freedom of speech and assembly, with Americans ever vigilant to protect these rights, or these rights are non-existent. The police power must exercise every precaution short of a denial of these rights to prevent public violence; what we must not forget is the essence of the new technique, which is to intimidate the police power by artificially and vociferously stimulating and supplying threats against public order.—THE EDITORS.

"IT WAS as if—well, as if we had lost the war," the quiet little man said sadly. And somehow one couldn't be sure that he was entirely wrong.

For what had happened was that St. Louis's chief of police, James J. Mitchell, had by fiat banned two scheduled meetings—one of Gerald

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L. K. Smith's "Nationalist Conference," a second, called in anti-Smith protest, of the American Veterans' Committee. And St. Louis, which is rich in a tradition of respect for civil liberties, took this calm fracture of the fundamental rights to freedom of speech and of assembly with scarcely a protest.

There have been instances of disregard for these liberties before, of course, but they have come from reactionaries—from Hagues bent on suppressing labor unions and from small-town bigots determined to erase those who differ from them in religion. The basically disquieting element in this instance was that the suppression was asked for, engineered and sanctioned by supposedly "liberal" groups from as far left as the Communists. It becomes, then, a harrowing evidence of the basic intellectual bankruptcy of a large segment of modern "liberalism." Lacking any sound, well-premised philosophy of conviction, the so-called progressive element of St. Louis let itself be trapped by the illusions of pragmatism.

Smith's openly rotten anti-Semitic (and thus, potentially at least, anti-Catholic and anti-Negro and anti-minority-in-general) nationalism has been the confusing factor in the equation. Since the self-styled rabble-rouser has worn thin his support in Detroit, he has been casting about for a new base of operations, and somehow he seems to have chosen St. Louis. There are evidently a number of reasons for this choice. For one thing the city—which has a large German-ancestry population—was highly receptive to isolationism in general and to the America First program in particular before Pearl Harbor. For a second, the disgruntled nationalist-biased groups of the city have not been previously organized or exploited by any other group, and financial support lies about for the picking. For a third, there is a definite, fervent, loosely amalgamated opposition to Smith and his doctrines that can be counted on to provide the kind of flamboyant resistance on which this native Fascist counts for his most effective publicity.

The Smith crowd has, as a result, played its carnival sideshow in the town frequently, and with each return performance the opposition has become a little better organized. In April, Gerald L. K. appeared fresh from disturbances in Chicago and promptly ran into some boisterous strong-arm dissent from a number of veterans who attempted to break up the group's meeting at Kiel Auditorium, a civic institution. The fracas put Smith on the front pages of the three St. Louis newspapers and also on their editorial pages, where the dailies—after restating condemnation of Smith—rebuked the veterans for rowdyism.

Letter response to those editorials was the first uneasy sign. Overwhelmingly the "letters to the editor" endorsed the action of the veterans, blistered Smith and belittled the doctrine of freedom of speech when that doctrine was applied to his rantings.

As the opening date for the Nationalist Conference—May 28—approached, the sentiments expressed in those letters began to coalesce. In executive sessions various organizations — veterans', civic and Protestant religious — met to discuss means of blocking the Smith rally. It finally was decided to ask for an official ban on the meeting, and the city administration was asked to revoke its contract for the use of the auditorium. Ordinances creating the municipal institution provide that it shall be available for meetings "for the benefit of the city," and the Smith harangues would obviously not be for that benefit, these groups contended. This movement apparently collapsed when the city counselor, relying entirely on the law of contract, ruled the city could not welch on its agreement to rent the facilities. The protesting groups, after expressing their dissent from this ruling, announced they would hold their own rally on May 28 at the Soldier's Memorial, another civic building only a hundred yards or so from the auditorium, and also would throw a picket line around the auditorium itself.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that trouble was fermenting. Both groups were spoiling for it. The veterans said they would have 1,500 pickets on their line at the Smith meeting. The Smith supporters were grimly asserting they would hold their rally in spite of all opposition, and "if anyone is looking for trouble . . ." At a debate on the subject of Smith's right to speak, held on the night of May 27, a man described as a reporter for the Smith "Cross and Flag" attempted to heckle the meeting into disruption.

Chief Mitchell had contented himself with stating there would be at least 100 policemen at the auditorium to prevent any disturbance. And then at 2 p.m. on May 28, six hours before the rival rallies were scheduled to begin, he issued his pronunciamento: "After much consideration as to the outcome of the scheduled meeting at the Kiel Auditorium this evening I am definitely certain that serious trouble will result. . . . I do not feel that it is proper for me to stand by, tied up by legal opinions and decisions, and permit a serious condition to go on. So it is definitely my decision that we will pursue the course of prevention and will not permit the scheduled meetings in and around the auditorium to take place this evening."

One would have expected an immediate outburst of protest. The echoes were so easily discernible—"I Am the Law" Hague barring the CIO because the speeches of union organizers might threaten the Jersey quiet, Nazi gauleiters suppressing public assembly and free speech for "the good of the Reich and the commonalty."

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The threat should have been so obvious, on the practical level at least: if a police chief could deny a platform to Smith because his rally might possibly lead to violence—if he could pervert his function of maintenance of order to that of censorship of thought—then the chief could deny anyone at all a platform on the same ground, as all thought is to a degree dangerous, all minority thought likely to lead to disturbance. The chief's judgment would become supreme, unbound by all "legal opinions and decisions," and law—like liberty—would be foreclosed.

But there was no outburst. Instead this was accepted as just another incident. And the letters that came to the newspapers were again almost unanimous: "I cannot concur in the view that Chief Mitchell exceeded his authority when he acted to stop demagogue Smith at the Auditorium door." "Chief Mitchell simply took seriously his duty to maintain community decency, peace and order." "Thank God, through the efforts of the intelligent population of St. Louis, Gerald Smith's purpose was defeated." "Chief Mitchell made a wise choice in barring Gerald Smith and his hatemongers from using Kiel Auditorium in the face of a great probability of violence and perhaps loss of life."

A portion of this chorus was organized and planted, naturally enough, and thus partially to be discounted. But there was no chorus in response. Only the Civil Liberties Committee and the two afternoon newspapers, the *Star-Times* and the *Post-Dispatch,* spoke out in protest, and their voices rang hollow in the wilderness.

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What was lacking, obviously, was any widespread understanding that freedom of speech is more than a pretty theory to be applauded in platitudinous speech but used only when convenient. That freedom stems from freedom of thought, for freedom of thought is a useless, academic liberty if one does not have the chance to voice the conclusions of thinking, and freedom of thought is an essential to rational man, who loses all dignity and all liberty of action if he is limited in the processes of the mind by anything except the authority of his conscience. That is the essential justification for this freedom; it is what makes that freedom an inalienable right, one stemming from man's very nature and not from any privilege granted him by the state to be taken back at will. Fundamental to all reasonable society, it rests on natural law, and no advantages of expediency can be cited against it. Yet expediency is a god in these days, and the "liberals" have been willing to worship it, forgetting that when they invoke it against their enemies, they open the doors to its use against themselves.

It was the total ignorance of this principle that made the whole performance so sad—that and the irony of it all. For engraved over the east entrance of the auditorium from which Smith and his cohorts were barred is this inscription, from the works of Carl Schurz, St. Louis liberal:

"Democratic government will be more successful the more the public opinion ruling it is enlightened and inspired by full and thorough discussion. The greatest danger threatening democratic institutions comes from those influences which tend to stifle or demoralize discussion."

Communications

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER

Santa Barbara, Calif.

TO the Editors: I have just read the review of "My Three Years With Eisenhower" in THE COMMONWEAL of May 24 and I appreciate the frank analysis.

I am deeply distressed to find, however, that my comment about the then Colonel Sarnoff which appears on page 681 of the book is construed as uncomplimentary and "one unalleviated bit of nastiness." Colonel Sarnoff happens to be one of my friends for whom I have great respect not only for his long leadership in the radio field but for his contributions to the war effort. I would not wish you or your readers to hold any derogatory thought about my feeling toward General Sarnoff. In fact, the principal reason for the entry about him was to show the importance of adequate communications for press and radio. His insistence upon improvement in this field led me to undertake to improve this service for the PRD, as further entries in the Diary indicate.

I know that the then Colonel Sarnoff was invited by General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, Lt. General Walter Bedell Smith, to return to Europe to take a responsible position with the occupational forces primarily to revive communications on the continent and particularly in the American zone of Germany. His associates in the Signal Corps, many of whom I know, likewise thought and spoke highly of General Sarnoff's contributions to a variety of critical communications situations.

If it is within the policy of COMMONWEAL to print such a statement as I have made in this letter, I would greatly appreciate the favor. In the second edition of the book I intend to correct the impression I have so inadvertently given of my good friend.

HARRY BUTCHER.

THE NAKED "INNOCENTS"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: We welcome with enthusiasm your genuine interest in the conditions in the State mental hospitals (issue of 17 May). May we tell you what some of the citizens of New York State are doing about this problem. They have formed a People's Committee for Mental Hygiene.

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The People's Committee came into existence because a psychiatrist's wife had the courage to write a novel, a novel of protest. "They Walk In Darkness," written by Ellen C. Philtine, was published in 1945. It told the truth about the State hospitals for the purpose of securing better care for patients. A few months later shocked and angry citizens rallied around Mrs. Philtine, urging organized action.

From a handful of interested people, People's Committee has grown to thousands. Now prominent psychiatrists, ministers, lawyers, associations of relatives and recovered patients, work side by side toward a common goal. Forty-two important welfare organizations have allied themselves with this cause, as well as artists and writers. Representatives of these different groups working in subcommittees have formulated recommendations for a general legislative program. The special skills and knowledge and experience of these various people have gone into the planning of this program.

The People's Committee is dedicated to a single purpose: the improvement of conditions in State mental hospitals. Our program contains suggestions for improved treatment for prospective patients and increased emphasis on rehabilitation.

We are proud to tell you that we have received letters from other states requesting advice in building similar organizations. People throughout the country have been stirred to action and our office has been in close touch with the activity that has been going on. The State's cause has become the nation's cause. The National Mental Health Bill is testimony to this fact.

The Committee has worked for this cause all through the 1946 session of the New York State Legislature. In 1947 we will be in Albany again. We need the help of all citizens.

RUTH STARK, *Executive Secretary, People's Committee for Mental Hygiene,* 154 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.

ON PREJUDICE

Wilmington, Dela.

TO the Editors: Father Trese's article, (*Inner Forum,* May 17), was long past due. If Father Trese was trying to put in popular form many of the statements made by Pope Pius XII in "Sertum Laetitiae," he succeeded admirably. There were so many points in that frank article that needed the airing given them. But I should like to draw attention to the paragraph: "We need a spirit that will recognize our own personal and evident shortcomings as Christians."

What a paradox for one who calls himself a Christian to complain about being uncomfortable seated next to a Protestant minister at a banquet! My sympathy goes to the Protestant minister; for, no doubt, he was made to feel out-of-placeness! Another incident from real life is provided by one who hoped his mother would not know he administered the Last Sacrament to a drunkard! What a left-handed compliment to his mother!

Father Trese did not use the following words, but I have lifted them from the context, "Sertum Laetitiae," to show that he is on the side of the angels. "We must make possible a salutary union of thought and policy between Catholics and other believers in God. . . . It is impressive that the spirit of God still dwells in the multitude."

In this connection may I draw the attention of our readers to an essay on "Intercredal Cooperation," written by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., and Father J. Courtney Murray, S.J., published by N.C.W.C., Washington, D. C.

MOTHER AGATHA, O.S.U.

INDIA'S NEED

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The Committee of Catholics for Emergency Food Relief to India wants to thank your readers for their great generosity in responding to our appeal in the correspondence column of THE COMMONWEAL. The three mission agencies have received over $1,500 from COMMONWEAL readers in direct response to this appeal. Shipments of food are now being sent out, and cooperation is being extended by other Catholic newspapers and magazines—so that we hope to be able to give really tangible relief in the famine-affected areas. There's nothing more heartrending for a missionary than to see people dying of starvation all around him—and he unable to do anything to prevent it.

Therefore, the Medical Mission Sisters (8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Penna.); the Holy Cross Fathers (Bengal Mission, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.); and the Jesuit Missionaries (Patna Mission Service, 1110 South May Street, Chicago 7, Illinois) join with us in thanking your readers for their warm generosity.

ELEANORA S. CALDERON.

The Screen

A Time to Remember

THAT films with war-related subjects are still being made in Hollywood is another sign of the industry's adultness. Even though these pictures are not the best in the field, they indicate their makers' interest in reminding us of themes that should by no means be forgotten.

Hal Wallis saw fit to give *"The Searching Wind"* an expensive production with a good cast, the direction of William Dieterle and the fine photography of Lee Garmes. The results, for all their well-meant intentions, do not make particularly lively cinema. Lillian Hellman's stage play was a preachy indictment of fascism and appeasers. The film, whose script was also written by Miss Hellman, manages to wander around Europe during a long flashback to the '20s and '30s, but is still very talky and more like an illustrated sermon than a movie. It attempts to tell a parable about an American diplomat (Robert Young) who compromised and switched in his political thinking just as he vacillated between his wealthy, conservative wife (Ann Richards) whom he never really loved, and a liberal newspaperwoman (Sylvia Sidney) whom he loved but didn't marry. The points

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are no more clear than the befuddled thinking of the diplomat, although the cast, including Dudley Digges and Albert Basserman, do well with the rôles. A young newcomer, Douglas Dick, as the soldier son about to lose a leg, rises to the occasion in the big scene in which he tells off his parents. His bitterness is more understandable than his cruel smugness. But he makes a statement which, like many of the film's sound arguments, should give us food for thought: even though our elders muddled world affairs between the two wars, our victorious soldiers gave us opportunity to try again. We had better make the most of it.

Although it does not have such pithy arguments against war, *"The Stranger"* makes a much better movie. It really is a thriller with a post-war theme; and Orson Welles, who directed, does his best to scare the pants off of you. The story has an amazing build-up of suspense—mainly because we know, and the characters don't, that the pleasant respectable-looking professor (played by Orson Welles) whom Mary (Loretta Young) married is really a nazi big-shot waiting for the Germans to rise again. Furthermore, all the excitement takes place in a clean, handsome New England college town that is beautifully photographed by cinematographer Russell Metty. Much of the action occurs in the daytime and even the professor's foulest machinations seem to be bathed in crisp, clear air without a touch of mysterious fog. Of course since we also know that Detective Edward G. Robinson is working on the case, we realize that the professor's goose is already half cooked. But will the dick trap this fiend, who once thought up the cruelest of concentration camp atrocities, before Mary and her brother (expertly portrayed by young Richard Long) come to harm at his dirty hands? And what's cooking up there in the clock tower where the professor spends so much time? S. P. Eagle's production of this exciting melodrama is excellent and you'll get a thrill out of it even if you miss its war-related point: darn clever, these Germans.

"O.S.S." makes the mistake of not crediting the Germans with enough cleverness. We know what a formidable enemy they were; and Major General Donovan's outfit should be as aware of this as anyone. But this movie about spies, saboteurs, etc., who worked for the Office of Strategic Services, shows the Americans with the help of the French Underground outsmarting practically all the nazis they come up against. All except one: a colonel (played by John Hoyt) who really gives our Team Applejack (Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Richard Benedict) some thoughtful opposition. "O.S.S." suffers by comparison with "The House on 92nd Street," because it lacks the documentary air of the film about the FBI; but it is still a good thriller in its own right. Based on a composite of actual incidents, it visualizes what these spies went through during the training period and in action. Perhaps a little too much happens to Alan and his co-workers, but the suspense is terrific; and whether we believe all the episodes or not, the picture reminds us that we owe much to these men and women whose nerves were made of steel instead of fiber.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Park and the World

C. G. PAULDING

LAST YEAR Mr. Oliver La Farge's "Raw Material" described the author's escape from Groton into America—an arbitrary Odyssey, hop, skip and jump, over the high jump, in the eight oar shell, at football, through "skilled violence and guided unrestraint," through storms at sea, art, women, on the racing horse, which led Mr. La Farge—the furies of sport driving him as they had driven Theodore Roosevelt—into democracy, into the war, and into the achievement of writing perhaps the most appalling penultimate phrase in any book that year: "I have fallen in love with a bomber."

Like Mr. La Farge, but with infinitely more leisure, since his second volume of memoirs, "The Scarlet Tree,"* leads him only to his seventeenth year, Sir Osbert Sitwell describes a parallel escape. La Farge dislikes Groton; Sitwell hates Eton. Hate is not the word: "I liked Eton," Sitwell writes, "except in the following respects: for work and games, for boys and masters." And also why single out Eton? Sitwell disliked even more intensely the school to which he was sent in preparation for Eton but placing the names Groton, Eton, so close in a sentence seemed to me a pleasant way to support home institutions.

Sitwell would not be, of course, so naïve as to construct the trap which La Farge built and into which he fell; he does not oppose Eton to England; it is simply that he revolted from the educational horrors which Victorian England offered its most privileged children. He would have revolted even more certainly had he been fated to attend any one of the institutions, progressively more depressing, to which were entrusted the other children in England's meticulously ordered scale of descending social classes.

He revolted and escaped—into occasional illnesses which gave him freedom, into his family, into the extraordinary profusion of charming, or odd and always distinctive personalities of which his ancient family was composed, into a love for music, for reading. Finally he escaped into Italy: "San Remo is no more romantic than Margate, but it is, in landscape and people, Italian. And the very first morning that I woke on Italian soil, I realized that Italy was my second country, the complement and perfect contrast to my own. As I looked out of the window of my room, I knew that this was how I had always hoped the world would appear."

He was always looking out of windows, he was always preoccupied with the passage from night into the dawn; very few writers seem to have been so sensitive to all the changes of light; England, he seems to have seen, as indeed a child would see a country, primarily as that which he could see from the window of his family's house, Renishaw, or from the window of the Londesborough house, or from those of the Sitwells' house in

*The Scarlet Tree. Sir Osbert Sitwell. Atlantic-Little. $3.50.

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London. The process of vision commenced in the rooms of these usually immense houses; the child—Sitwell looking at the child—remembers the paintings in the rooms, the tapestries, the people, the light through the blinds changing with the seasons, then he looks out the window at the hedges of the garden, the flowers, the alleys lined by classic statues or, during the Christmas holidays at Blankney, at the snow which covered all the land. Then there will be the walks in the park so that the limits of the child's knowledge are pushed that far outward; there will be the ride on the bus in London, the walks by the sea at Scarborough. The device in this book is always motion; it is because Sitwell moves from country house to country house and then to school or to town that England is known at first through gardens or architecture or horrible small boys. Or else it is known through the servants in the houses, for many of whom he had a lasting affection, or through the guests, a constant stream of guests, who would come to the house parties. It would be through the members of his family, or through the servants or the guests that he would come to know the past; they brought the past into his present. They would come into a room, they would make a gesture, arrive from London, leave for Italy, and it was through this process of moving that they carried the young Sitwell further and further into the past, the places, the customs, they evoked.

This sensitive and privileged young Englishman spent his childhood listening to the world. Not all the sounds of the world came to him; the more brutal shocking sounds did not come to him except at school; for children of families such as his, a most careful, protective arrangement of Victorian or Edwardian custom filtered the sound of poverty or of cruelty, just as in the park of the family house the great trees filtered the light descending over the statues, the lawns and the lake, in such manner that the pattern was always subtly delicate, shifting and restrained. One horrid sound, the custom of the time—the sound has not since been stilled—was brought to the young Sitwell with dismal and unceasing violence. At regular and recurrent seasons the quiet parks, the tranquil fields and woodland were invaded by frenzied ladies and gentlemen intent on killing. The guns fired, the horns blew, the dogs barked.

"No small creatures on four feet, no feathered thing with wings, as it ran over the snow, was safe; neither the fox—but that was a lengthy business and very ritualistic—nor the hare, shrieking its soul out like a human being, nor pheasants designed so splendidly for a brief autumn, nor partridges, more discreetly clothed than those who shoot them, nor the dank, long-beaked birds of the marshes, snipe and woodcock, nor the ducks, with their hints of water in whites and blues and greens, their bright feathers that might, when wet, so well be scales—none of these could hope for much mercy: while as for rabbits, they were collected by the attendants, put in sacks, and emptied out of them at a moment when there was no other killing to be had, so that tweed-clad hordes of men, and the women, many of whom accompanied them, could set their dogs on these confused, bolting creatures, and knock them on the head with sticks. . . . Should these amusements fail, ratting could always be improvised through cellars or in lofts. (Only the mouse, alas, was too small, unsporting little beast!)"

I have quoted this passage at length not only because it deals with one of the aspects of English life that revolted Sitwell but because it is an excellent example of his manner of writing with its long sentence, its clear, strong words of action and color, its ferocious irony. He wrote in this manner about schools, schoolmasters, clergymen; but it is interesting to note that it is not anger that holds the writing together; there is always this immediate view of nature, the painter's feeling for color, even when he is writing about places, people, pictures, music and buildings that he loves.

Italy, and Venice more than any other Italian city, led him into complete acceptance of the Mediterranean and classic world. It led him apparently into a final rejection of our own. "An air prevailed of laughing good nature, of friendship, which we shall never know again, now that the calamitous folly of politicians the world over has obliged Italy to offend us, and us to strike back at Italy, so that Europe will always be haunted by the image that lay ever at the back of the eyes of Orestes, who slew his mother." That of course is a quaint view of fascism. And again: "Here, in these quiet places, it was possible to find an antidote to the vulgarity and growing brutality of the modern world. . . . Yet today these cities may be threatened in a manner that none but the present most bestial age would have allowed, an age which, even in its most reactionary aspects, is democratic. One man, one bomb—or, rather, one foreigner, one bomb—is the answer in every country to one man, one vote. But I care more for art than votes, and the best age for me is that which produces the finest flowers of the spirit. To me, Athens, based on a system of slave labor, will always be of more interest than a Free and Democratic Liberia."

These political and, in a contemporary, extraordinary remarks are not frequent in this volume. It would be of no interest to quote them—for by quoting them we lose contact with the greater themes of Sitwell's interests—were it not that, in fact, his complete retirement from everything that has oppressed and distracted an entire world, is the condition perhaps which has permitted him to look back at such length and with such incomparable charm upon the scenes of childhood. It is certainly the condition which has allowed him to devote his life to art. The Ivory Tower again? Perhaps in our own tormented Athens there is room for a certain number of these self-immolating slaves.

They will have to do without the parks of the great houses; in England and in many other countries the great houses are emptying now and perhaps the parks will be turned into picnicgrounds, the lawns into playing fields—how Sitwell would hate that for Renishaw—or if there is coal under the lawns they will dig for it and there will be an anguished nobleman protesting in the House of Lords and in the *Times;* all that can be done is to remember what once there was, listening again to the talk of phantoms in the park, listening to the silences.

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More Books of the Week

Ivy Gripped The Steps. Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $2.50.

TOGETHER with Evelyn Waugh, I imagine there is no major English novelist whom readers this side of the war will have been more anxious to trace than Elizabeth Bowen. Until this book, one letter printed in a woman's magazine, a short sketch "Careless Talk" in the *New Yorker,* constituted her American news; the latter, I may say, providing rather more shock than joy in its solitary triviality. Rooted now in this volume of pieces and underlined in the exhaustive preface provided by the author, its meaning is somewhat augmented. It is true Miss Bowen's preface apprehends almost every literary criticism: one feels at its finish one ought to be reviewing the war rather than these stories written during it; each one at the request of a particular magazine, a fact which most certainly adds a kind of editorial dimension to each, in size, shape, even in tone.

In their collection, Miss Bowen finds she has accomplished "for better or worse—a book" and one with "a cumulative and collective meaning." "Also, the order in which the stories stand—an order come at, I may say, casually—seems itself to have a meaning, or to add a meaning, I did not foresee. . . . In the first story, a well-to-do house in a polite square gives the impression of having been organically dislocated by shock; in the last, a pure abstract empty timeless city rises out of a little girl's troubled mind. Through the stories—in the order in which they are here placed—I find a rising tide of hallucination."

For this progress, from convention to vision, the author has chosen no "inventions" but rather "sparks from experience—an experience not necessarily my own." Seeing war "more as a territory than as a page of history" Miss Bowen's method of writing it has been one of isolation: "I have made for the particular, spotlighting faces or cutting out gestures that are not even the faces or gestures of great sufferers. This is how I am, how I feel, whether in war or peacetime; and only as I am and feel can I write." For the "hostess who has not learned how with grace to open her own front door"; for the "pair of lovers with no place in which to sleep in each other's arms"; for all those whose identity depended upon a "social pattern of life," Miss Bowen has felt and written. Most of all, for those who, bombed beyond this identity, employed, or were employed by, dreams and ghosts, she has attempted a form. And it is just here, I think, that the great curiosity her readers in other parts of the world have felt, regarding her wartime writing, will be answered. As her material has always consisted of the operations of the most highly organized social order in existence—that of the English upper-middle-class—and as each phase of the war seemed more and more agonizedly to be destroying the foundations of this society—its architecture—what would she write about, what would be happening? The answer is, she is writing about ghosts: "they are the certainties." And while to some, it will seem (complacently) a not unsuspected irony that such a social order should, in the midst of material and physical chaos, resort to a kind of spiritual primitivism, I do not feel this to be the most useful irony at stake in the book.

While Miss Bowen confesses to some psychological puzzlement as to her stories' content ("I cannot answer for much that is in these stories, except to say that I know they are all true") one does not find that she has fallen into the great error, a confusion of the subconscious with the supernatural. And yet, having dared an objective ghost in the "bodiless foolish wanton" of the story "Green Holly," she still must employ paradox, stating "it is the haunted who haunt." And while this statement is here more of a digression than a conclusion, its working out is only attempted on the lower level, the dream level. In the piece, "The Happy Autumn Fields," where "a woman is projected from flying-bombed London, with its day-and-night eeriness, into the key emotional crisis of a Victorian girlhood," the reader cannot, for quite a long time, identify the dream; and moreover, exploring further, finds that the dreamer (when once identified) seems reversibly to be dreamed. But the gigantic irony implicit in the story is not really useful, I think, because one cannot be sure how far it was intended by the author. And this confusion may in turn depend upon an aesthetic choice. For Miss Bowen employs *characters* rather than *symbols* (in other words, creatures of potential moral action, of potential will and choice) on both sides of her projected sleep. But since sleep is the one state without moral dimension, one can discover not one of these characters, on either side, to have a moral spring. One finds her dreamer fearing only to wake (to the war); her dreamed Victorian counterpart fearing only to dream it. The war is life of course, the ground, so to speak, of these searing reversals; yet is it life? "Alternatively" the wakened sleeper of the story is made to say, "I am a person drained by a dream." Earlier, this character asks, "How are we to live without natures? We only know inconvenience now, not sorrow. Everything pulverizes so easily because it is rot-dry; one can only wonder that it makes so much noise. The source, the sap must have dried up, or the pulse must have stopped, before you and I were conceived. So much flowed through people; so little flows through us. All we can do is imitate love or sorrow." It seems to me only in poetry could the implacable sadness of this statement be any way judged or commented.

In the *anarchy* of identifications outlined in her preface, and so subtly, often wonderfully, written into the accompanying pieces, it becomes apparent that the war has indeed no place. As she says, Miss Bowen sees it as a "territory" in which the disorders occur. But as it is written into the stories, it seems to develop into far more than this: into a nightmare, what Isak Dinesen has called, "the poorest and most vulgar class of dreams." "It is when one begins to lose the consciousness of freedom, and when the idea of necessity enters the world at all, when there is any hurry or strain anywhere, a letter to be written or a train to catch, when you have got to work, to make the horses of the dream gallop, or to make the rifles go off, that the dream is declining and turning into the nightmare. . . ." But Miss Bowen's war appears to be a nightmare which is only *slept;* never *owned.* "Yes," she continues in her preface, "only a few were heroic purely: and see how I have not drawn the heroic ones! But everyone was pathetic—more than they knew. Owing, though, to the thunder of those inordinate years, we were shaken out of the grip of our own pathos." Perhaps indeed it is only her rejected heroes who could identify the thunder of their years and therefore identify themselves. But if this is so, I think Miss Bowen has underestimated her accomplishment in this book; I think she has drawn the "great sufferers" after all.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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The English Way. Pierre Maillaud. Oxford. $3.75.

PIERRE MAILLAUD had lived as a Frenchman in England for fourteen years when he wrote "The English Way." It is a book which would be distinguished whatever the circumstances of the author; M. Maillaud's control of a borrowed language is a separate thing to wonder at. The English landscape is "a temperate land polished by a temperate civilization." It is a country "where discreet lanes once followed the varying pleasure of the land, revealed an unexpected village, shared in the fragrance of a wood, unfolded a broad horizon." The charm of London is in "shades rather than colors." To those who do not understand the lack of plan in such a great capital, M. Maillaud says that one loves London for "its unexpectedness . . . its indulgence toward little things and little privacies." Some Frenchmen learn to write the English idiom; it is a very rare Frenchman who can write in the *rhythm of* English prose. M. Maillaud accomplishes that rhythm. The few Gallicisms one finds here and there are mistakes, and that is the whole point; the intention is otherwise. They would matter as mistranslations if M. Maillaud were writing translated French, but he is not, he is writing English. The word is wrong but the spirit of his language is right.

The content of this book is impressive for quite a different reason. M. Maillaud sees England as a Frenchman sees it, not as an Englishman sees it. The English do not explain themselves very well; they become awkward and sentimental and suddenly much more insular than they really are. I think of two reasons for this: one, that their kind of intelligence has little to do with rigor or system—so that they analyze themselves only by expressing themselves and reiterating their Englishness; and the other, that the necessity of self-explanation embarrasses the normal English instincts. But M. Maillaud serves us with clear vision, a deep sense of location in a Latin standard of comparison, and a firm sympathy for his subject.

His perceptions are accordingly delicate. The "disinclination to overstress"—the quality which Clive Bell calls "the frivolity" of the English—M. Maillaud recognizes, rather, as "a great preserver of the strength of the nation."

> How usurped in a way was the French reputation for lightness, how underlined our most insignificant pastimes, in comparison with an English setting where social relations would be sketched out with sparse, understated touches, unsubstantial perhaps to a French eye; an eye accustomed to color might at first register a grayish background. Where chats were full of trifles and discussions were left with straggling loose ends, I found that elaborate arguments often provoked unforeseen responses, like the keys of a piano connected with unexpected strings.

He finds that snobbery in England is Cavalier, hypocrisy is Roundhead. His most succinct comment on the emphasis on "operative value" in English religion is his juxtaposition of two epigraphs for his chapter on religion and politics: St. John xviii 36, "My kingdom is not of this world," and Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, "We must reform our banking system." In its larger lines, the British mentality is Puritan, idealistic, and confident of "progress"; Micawber is no eccentric, the national character is shot through with his vague optimism. And what M. Maillaud sees in English humor ("A mild revenge of individual escapism on daily reality") is surely of the same spirit. When he faces the complexities of British politics, M. Maillaud is eminently capable of supplying details in an examination of Neville Chamberlain's hopes and tactics; but when he makes his phrase, it falls into the Gallic symmetry with which he draws the Puritan mind:

> Xenophobia in England is passive and never aggressive; it is a snug and deliberate unawareness of the outside world. . . . Its result is, and conspicuously was during the early 'thirties, to render the English very skeptical as to the ability of foreigners to disturb their tranquility. Consequently xenophobia in England leads the nation to underestimate external menaces instead of overrating them, as the Germans do.

As for the laws that preside over this society, M. Maillaud makes his point with a quotation from Lord Hewart, some-time Lord Chief Justice of England. In other countries "the rights of particular individuals may be said to be deductions from the principles of the Constitution," but the English take the principles as "inductions of generalizations based upon decisions pronounced by Courts as to the rights of particular individuals."

It is all one piece, this "temperate civilization" which M. Maillaud describes. It would seem to have system, so neatly does it return full circle through institutions and large policies to the individual "disinclination to overstress." But the circle is French ratiocination; the loose ends are English and would remain so; no Englishman could explain them so well, nor would he wish to. "There is nothing in England which *persuades* the visitor to stay."

HENRY RAGO.

The Housatonic: Puritan River. Chard Powers Smith. Rinehart. $3.00.

MIDWAY between the Hudson and Connecticut rivers, the Housatonic ("Beyond-the-Mountain-Place") flows for a hundred and sixty miles through Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, rising just above Pittsfield and emptying into Long Island Sound at Stratford. Its upper waters are polluted by the mills of Pittsfield and Lee; its lower waters carry the scum of Derby's factories and of its foul tributary, the Naugatuck. But the main stretch of the river, despite its potential power and the rich resources of its watershed, has miraculously resisted industrialization. The valley did undergo an industrial revolution, beginning well before the political Revolution. But a silent, undeclared counter-revolution gradually humbled its citadels during the middle years of the last century: brambles now cover most of the factory and quarry sites, and the huge ore pits are lakes. With the exception of a few urban centers such as Danbury, the population of the central valley is today approximately the same as in 1776. The landscape has, if anything, improved over the same period, since the hilltops cleared for the early farms, exhausted by working and erosion, have returned to forest, while the valley floor—originally swampy, miasmic, infested with bears and occasional wolves—has been handsomely cultivated.

Chard Powers Smith's history of this fortunate oasis is predominantly a history of ideas, which he considers to have had a unique importance here. He sees the Housatonic valley as a battleground between the Lord of Ideas and the Devil of Greed, with the former, generally speaking, the ultimate victor. Mr. Smith's summary of the five parts of the war indicates the main substance of his book:

> First, the fight between religion and land greed from 1639 to 1760.

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Second, between liberty on the one side, and greed and license on the other from 1760 to 1820.

Third, the great and climatic struggle between humanism and humanitarianism on one side and industrialism on the other, the great fight which most of America lost and which most of the valley spectacularly won, between 1820 and 1870.

Fourth, the seductive Tallyho Age from 1869 to 1942, when the Devil was petty snobbery, and also masqueraded as the Lord in good private schools and brilliant science.

Fifth, and overlapping the preceding period, the modern age bringing a great immigration of intellectuals, the only enemy visible being the urban vacationists who are not yet a serious threat.

As this quotation indicates, Mr. Smith's approach is frankly moralistic. The "Puritan" of the book's subtitle he uses not in its strict, sectarian meaning but as an antonym to secular materialism. Materialism may have a bad (interest in getting rich) or a good (interest in the physical health and comfort of others) aspect; but either aspect is opposed to the tradition of rural integrity and idealism which, beginning with the first settlements at the mouth of the river in 1639, the ancestors of the present Yankee farmers gradually established northward throughout the Housatonic valley.

Mr. Smith admits into this tradition the intellectuals who settled or summered in Lenox, Stockbridge, Pittsfield and Great Barrington in the mid-1800's—Melville, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Catherine Sedgwick, Fanny Kemble—as well as the bulk of the intellectuals who have recently retreated from New York City to Sherman, Kent, Cornwall, Sharon, Salisbury and Canaan. ("In these six towns there is probably concentrated more creative intelligence per capita than in any region, rural or urban, in the United States.") Most of these latter, he feels, "have their feet down on their own hearths, and . . . are thoroughly integrated into their own towns." Like the farmers, they are founded economically on one-to two-thirds local subsistence. Their cash crop, in place of milk, is creative ideas—novels, poems, essays, paintings, music.

And Mr. Smith "can see in the future valley a type of citizenry that will be in every way a fusion of the farmers and intellectuals, a stock that will carry on the Puritan tradition for a long time to come."

Well, maybe yes, maybe no. The original Housatonic Yankees got on fairly well with the Indians. But the Indians lasted no longer than the steel furnaces and marble quarries.

In addition to his theses and analyses—some you will agree with, some you probably won't—his preachments and his occasional purple patches about cosmic forces and symbols of eternal truth, Mr. Smith has assembled a wealth of interesting and instructive Housatonic lore from every period of its history. Halfway through reading the book, I happened to be invited for a week-end in the Housatonic valley. In the past, I had spent four school years, several summers and innumerable week-ends there. But this time, the river and the valley had a new dimension and a new intimacy, for which I must thank Chard Powers Smith.

As a native midwesterner, I must also thank him for this remark, apropos the "first billion and a half years" of the Housatonic's history: "New England has never quite forgotten that in the old days it was a separate continent."

DAVID BURNHAM.

Hungary: to Be or Not to Be. Rustem Vambery. Frederick Ungar. $2.50.

APART from a few errors in judgment Professor Vambery's book at the moment of writing is the best available book on Hungary today and the best day-to-day index to the living conditions of that unfortunate country. The author is a prominent Hungarian liberal who left Hungary before the war for the United States and his exile perhaps served as a useful corrective to that painful emotional astigmatism developed by so many people when writing about their own country. He has no axe to grind in spite of a good deal of mental suffering inflected on him by the Bethlen-Horthy régime in Hungary which he vigorously opposed, and besides his scholarship he has the qualities of a first rate journalist.

His errors in judgment are not to my mind due to his liberal bias. Professor Vambery is an acutely intelligent man with a sense of humor and he makes gallant efforts to adapt his liberalism to a more contemporary *Weltanschauung*. They are as likely as not the results of fear—frequent even in intelligent scholars—of believing things which are too frightful to believe. Thus he does not seem to believe that governments, no matter how wicked—and Hungary's government at times had been wicked indeed—are tied by a rope to the fatal automatism of the social-economic forces behind them which does not allow them anything but a narrow margin for manoeuvering. Similarly he does not seem to believe that World War II was a desperate attempt to unify the world on no matter what a dreadful basis and that similar other attempts are more than likely to follow. In other words he does not see our age as an age of critical transition in which a new order is struggling to emerge and finally he does not seem to believe that a small state—like Hungary—can in our time hardly continue anything but some measure of cultural independence.

These are, however, objections directed mainly against the last two chapters of the book in which Professor Vambery is making suggestions towards a "way out" in theory and in practice and gives an estimate as to the future of Hungary. The rest of the chapters: "Hungary On The Eve of 1945," "History and Propaganda," "Propaganda Without History," "Liberalism Without Quotation Marks," or "How We Got Into This Mess" live up fully to the expectations their titles raise. Indeed their lucidity, honesty and intelligence are welcome correctives to that array of government propaganda and romantic nonsense on Hungary to which the English-speaking world has so long been subjected.

ADAM DE HEGEDUS.

Alexander of Macedon. Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $3.50.

IT HAPPENED that when I took my third year of Latin, my teacher was tired of Cornelius Nepos, the official reading material of our class. He thought the lives of Miltiades, Themistocles and Aristides too narrow a world for our age of imperialism. Thus he decided to read with us the life of Alexander the Great, written by Quintus Curtius, a very lively report, based on Greek sources, but supplemented by fictitious conversations—a semi-historical style renewed in modern times by writers like Strachey, Maurois and Emil Ludwig.

Nearly two thousand years after Curtius, Californian Harold Lamb has written Alexander's "journey to the world's end" with about the same ambition that guided the Latin raconteur. Of course he has many advantages

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compared with old authors: the active imagination of modern readers to whom Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, Afghanistan, India are more than just names of far remote countries, and his own intimate knowledge of almost all of the land over which Alexander and his Macedonians passed, as well as the abundant modern literature on the eastern nations and their culture in Alexander's time.

Harold Lamb is of course a very gifted writer who has made the personalities of Genghis-Khan, and Tamerlane, formerly known only to learned historians, very familiar to many millions. He is also the author of the most readable though freely dramatized story of the crusades. No wonder he was moved to undertake a biography of Alexander the Great bright with color and swift in action.

What a wonderful story. A twenty-three-year-old king, godlike in his physical beauty and apparently convinced that he was the son of Zeus, invaded Asia to liberate the Greek colonies from the yoke of an Asiatic king. But the liberator became a conqueror reaching out into the foothills of the fabulous Punjab. When he agreed to return to the West, he was convinced that he had been close to the boundary of the habitable world, where the Eastern ocean lay. Lamb's interpretation would have him following out his journey to the end to discover the last secrets of earth.

But whatever his motives, the journey of the conqueror had changed the fate of politics and civilization. Greek and Oriental elements fused in order to create the Hellenistic civilization that remained the background on which more than three centuries later the faith in Christ had to develop. When Alexander died, as it seems from malaria and physical exhaustion at the age of thirty-two, not only was his empire torn in pieces, but also the belief in his charisma faded, though colorful legends of his deeds survived for 2,200 years.

Flavius Arrianus, the Greek Stoic and soldier who wrote "The Anabasis of Alexander," the most complete account of his journey, relates the story that Alexander on his deathbed in the Babylonian palace of Nebuchadnezzar, tried to persuade his wife Roxane to have him secretly carried out and cast into the Euphrates. This strange desire of course was designed to make men believe that the alleged son of Zeus-Ammon had returned to the gods. Roxane, Arrianus tells us, rejected the proposal in horror, and Alexander furiously upbraided her, saying she envied him his divine origin.

It is characteristic of Lamb's book that he omits this fascinating story though he tells many anecdotes not at all better documented. The 20th century Californian has a distaste for the mythological background which so highly delighted Greek and Roman biographers. Lamb prefers to give a rationalistic picture of the conqueror and his life; his emphasis is that Alexander was one of the greatest explorers of this earth of ours, and at the same time the greatest army leader of World History. Lamb tries to convince us that Alexander was an enlightened monarch with a scientific mind, not inclined towards superstition and deification. He stresses Alexander's refusal of the architect Stasicrates' grandiose project that an everlasting Alexander memorial be carved out of Mount Athos—"a project which would have delighted Nero"—and that he did not allow his own head to be struck on the new coinage in place of the image of Zeus. Lamb's rationalism limits the qualities of his extremely readable biography.

MAX FISCHER.

The Messenger: The Life of Mohammed. R. V. C. Bodley. Doubleday. $3.00.

THIS IS incomparably the best life of Mohammed that has yet appeared in English. The author, Colonel Bodley, is one of those Englishmen who are in the great desert tradition of English prose: men whose affinity for the East is part of their presentment of Englishry. Doughty was one; T. E. Lawrence another; Marmaduke Pickthall (whose translation of the Koran Colonel Bodley uses) was another. Colonel Bodley, like Gertrude Bell and Freya Stark, has lived in the desert; for seven years he shared the life of the Arabs there, writing his splendid "Wind in the Sahara" about his experiences.

Of Europeans, it is the English, the French, and the Swedes who suffer most from the face-to-face with God transcendant which the desert is: but the French, armored by centuries of Catholicism, revert to type: Psichari, Lyautey, de Foucauld; whilst English and Swedes are more likely *"désorienté,"* to use the lovely Gallican word that means to lose the East whilst—in such cases—still finding it.

The English are apt to become strange, expatriate creatures, like Sir Ronald Storrs or Sir Dennison Ross, whose treasure and heart remain whilst they themselves pass by. Most lives of Mohammed have been written, with curled lips and "we whose souls are lighted, with wisdom from on high, can we, to men benighted" air, by missionaries. The best Islamic dictionary is still that of Hughes: and though he became a Muslim in his old age, it is prejudiced and Christian in context.

Colonel Bodley is free from such fetters: he has written a first rate biography, in admirable style, racy and readable, without constant reference to a new Testament at his elbow. It is too easily assumed that because Islam today is a Christian heresy, not far removed from Boston Unitarianism, Mohammed must have been a reformer of the Zwingli or Luther type, with Ayesha for a more glamorous Fraülein von Bora. Actually, this successful commercial traveler, who as Colonel Bodley says "loved three things—women, scents and food," who, at fifty-seven, "knew more about horse management than many of his soldiers," and won many races over long and rough ground, "never, except on one or two occasions, wantonly revenged himself on his defeated enemies."

Even with Colonel Bodley's sympathetic and modern outlook and vocabulary to help the modern reader, however, this seventh century A.D. Arab remains, as a human being, harder for us of today to understand than the sixth-century B.C. Buddha, or than the men who, weak and cowardly as were Peter and James, or fanatical as was Paul, spread other monotheist teachings.

For example, though Colonel Bodley declares he "has no compassion for Aisha being left at the age of ten on the lap of her husband over fifty" for "this first contact with virginity pleased Mohammed," yet when the Prophet took Zeinab, the wife of his adopted son Zaid, into his harem, Aisha and Hafsa (another of Mohammed's wives) were seriously put out, and "passed it around that this was an incestuous union. Mohammed was in a quandary. Then, quickly, he had a revelation . . . the young ladies (Aisha and Hafsa) were disgruntled. Aisha snapped at her husband: 'The Lord makes haste to do your pleasure.' But that altered nothing. Zeinab told everyone that Allah had deigned to interfere on her behalf. He had probably arranged the marriage himself."

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Stranger, however, to us than these foreign sexual customs is the Prophet's idea of honor. "In the holy month of Rajab, when it was tacitly understood among all Arabs that no fighting or raiding should take place, Mohammed dispatched a man . . . with orders to . . . attack any Koreish caravans he might encounter. As a result . . . an unsuspecting train of Arabs sauntering along . . . were ambushed and looted. The outcry was terrific . . . Mohammed did a thing to which he would soon have regular recourse in moments of quandary. He had a revelation . . . however, while this cleared Mohammed's conscience, it meant nothing to the Koreishites."

Another curious thing to our eyes, used to the badinage of the *New Yorker,* to lampoon and limerick, was the Prophet's allergy to verse. After the battle of Badr (A.D. 624) "only two prisoners were officially put to death. One was a poet who had relentlessly lampooned Mohammed throughout the years when he was trying to prove himself in Mecca." Again, there was Esma bint Merwan. "She had a gift for verse and wrote some disobliging couplets about Islam's prophet . . . one night, when Esma lay asleep on her mat, a Moslem called Omeir crept into her house. He was blind, and therefore able to move easily in the dark. When he reached Esma he found she had her baby in her arms. This he removed and plunged his sword into the sleeping woman so fiercely that she was pinned to the floor. When Mohammed heard what Omeir had done, he went into the mosque. Addressing the congregation, he said, indicating Omeir, "If ye desire to see a man that hath assisted the Lord and His Messenger look here."

Another poet, a Jew this time, was lured out of his home by a group of young Moslems. "After walking him away from frequented streets they . . . jumped on him and sliced him up. They carried the mutilated head to Mohammed, who received it with enthusiastic congratulations."

To the Jews in general, Mohammed's behavior out-Hitlered Hitler. His wholesale destruction of the Medina Jews after their surrender is explained by Colonel Bodley by paralleling this case with David's defeat of the Ammonites (1035 before Christ). But during the seventeen centuries that lay between, something had happened which altered forever the legitimacy of such behavior.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Unterrified. Constance Robertson. Holt. $3.00.

THAT Lincoln died at a most opportune moment, so far as his place in history is concerned, is clearly implied by this Civil War novel. The Democrats in the North who opposed Lincoln preferred to be known as the Unterrified, i.e., as those who were not intimidated by his dictatorial methods. The opposition of this group to the draft act of 1863, and the parts played by Senator King, by his young and beautiful bride from the South, by Ranyard King, by John Andrews and others, combine to make this a very effective account of a hectic period which historians in general have decided to forget. Those who like a combination of history and the novel will like this book.

PAUL KINIERY.

A World Treasury of Proverbs. Edited by Henry Davidoff. Random. $3.00.

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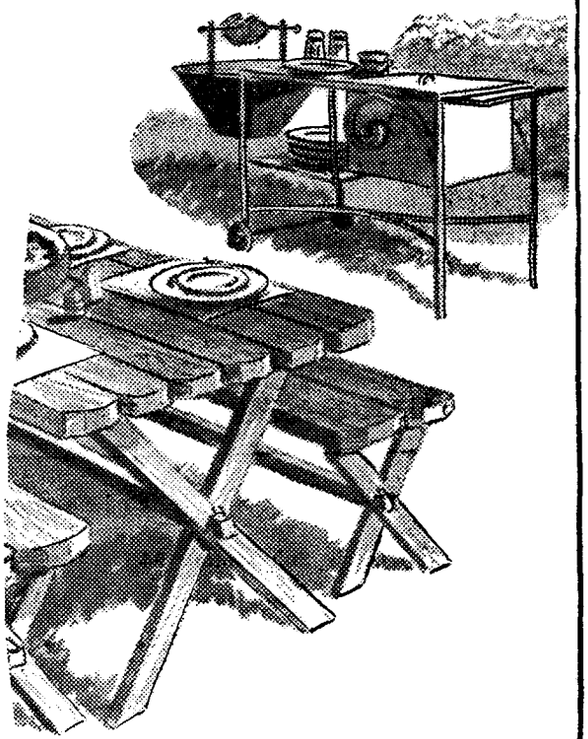

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The Inner Forum

The Ursuline Way

IN 1939 the Prioress General of the Roman Union of Ursuline Nuns left Italy and came to the United States for the duration of the war period. The next year, a report published in this country of the Ursulines' Educational Convention of 1940 gave a new presentation of the Order's traditional system of education. "In 1943 the *Règlements des Ursulines* were revised by a group of religious of the Roman Union in the United States. They have been introduced on trial, and with great satisfaction, in some of the most important of our [Ursuline] schools in this country as the true Ursuline method of education." This year there has just been published by the Quinn and Boden Company of Rahway, N. J., a volume written by the visiting Marie de Saint Jean Martin, O.S.U., Prioress General of the Roman Union, which outlines and summarizes in thorough and stimulating fashion the "Ursuline Method of Education."

The Company of Saint Ursula was founded by Saint Angela Merici in Brescia, Italy, in 1535. "Before the time of Saint Angela, no religious order having education as its special aim had been founded. Girls were educated in monasteries, but no religious society conducted schools."

Quotations from the appendix of the new book will give historical background.

1535. Saint Angela founded the Company of Saint Ursula at Brescia. They lived in their families without a religious habit.

1540. Saint Angela died.

1568. Saint Charles Borromeo called the Ursulines to Milan. Under his direction, they consented to take the three simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, with an added vow of stability. . . . From that time on, they lived in community. . . . Saint Charles Borromeo had the children come to the convent for instruction. Formerly, the Ursulines went to them.

1596. Venerable César de Bus, Founder of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine, was given a copy of the *Constitutions* of the Ursulines of Milan and with the help of Father Romillon, later an Oratorian, interested Françoise de Bermond and her companions in a foundation of the Company of Saint Ursula at Isle-sur-Sorgue.

1610. Mme. de Sainte Beuve, desirous of giving her life and her wealth to a good cause, mentioned this in a conversation with Father Lancelot Marin, Master of Novices of the Jesuits of Paris. . . . The *Chronicles* say that this conversation was the ray of light for Mme. de Sainte-Beuve, from which sprang the foundation of Ursulines in Paris. Françoise de Bermond was called to Paris.

As the directors of this first house of Paris brought to the Ursulines the combined influence of the Sorbonne and of the Society of Jesus, we may conclude that it was this same influence that shaped the *Règlements*. The Règlements were for the Ursulines what the *Ratio Studiorum* was for the Jesuits.

The National Catholic Almanac for 1945 gives the following statistical information for the United States—

(1) Roman Union—Subdivided in the U.S. into the Eastern and Central Provinces, and into the Western, Southern, and Franco-American Vice-Provinces. 1,627 professed Sisters.
(2) Independent Motherhouses—Located in Cleveland. 328 [Sisters]; Columbus, 21; Corpus Christi, 26; Leavenworth, 77; Louisville, 473; Owensboro, 373; Marquette, 12;

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Toledo, 224.

The "Catholic Directory" lists also theUrsuline Nuns, of the Congregation of Paris, with 1,252 Sisters in six cities.

Emphasis, however, is not on the numbers of Nuns and schools and teachers:

> One of the primitive rules of the Order, prescribing the acceptance of only "a number of pupils proportionate to the number of religious available, in order that they may be capable of teaching them . . . it is better to educate a smaller number of girls than to receive many, and offer but a defective and incomplete education."

The book takes a strong stand in favor of distinguishing two types of education . . .

> It must be admitted that there are two types of education: one that is suited to average students, and another that must be reserved for gifted students. The first is more dogmatic; it communicates ideas completely formed, practical formulas, which, if short and attractive, impress the memory. . . . The second, on the contrary, is entirely liberal and personal. In the first type of education, the accent is put on the acquisition of knowledge; in the second, on the disinterested culture of the mind. . . . One of the great fallacies that thinking educators see in the American educational system is the failure to recognize this diversity of intellectual capacities. . . . In the Christian concept of democracy, equal opportunity is offered to every individual to prepare for the place in society in which he may best reach his Last End. . . . Rather than being the same for all, such an education must take into account the capacities of the individual, in order to provide for his best interests and those of society.

Sister Marie de Saint Jean Martin's book deals almost exclusively with the intensive "liberal" education, and not with the broader and less deep effort. "If a brief definition of this traditional education were asked, the following might be given: 'Collective family education, based upon religion, classical literature, and philosophy, to prepare for the Church and for society complete Catholic women.'"

A list of the subject heads of the book indicates the principal fields of interest of the Ursuline educators:

"The Work to be Accomplished; The Educator; The Human Being; The Stages of Education; Two types of Education [distinguished above]; Traditional Education; Personal formation: intellectual, formation of the Will, formation of the Heart; Family Formation; Social and Apostolic Formation." A chapter on the method in action treats: "Formative Instruction; Catechism; Humanities: Latin, Greek, the mother tongue, grammar, rhetoric; History; Geography; Philosophy; Modern Languages; Fine Arts; Science; Agriculture; Postgraduate Studies; the Education of the Heart and of the Will; A Catholic Atmosphere; Sincerity; Joy; Devotedness; Preparation for Marriage."

A chapter on "Progress" defines that term in a Christian sense, presents Saint Angela Merici as working toward progress by establishing "a reactionary reform against the pagan ideals," and develops the idea of adapting traditional purposes and principles to contemporary times. "The Progress of the Educator" is treated and "Progress of the Student," and then a brief "Conclusion" written to the whole book.

No few quotations can give anything but a distortion of the rich and complex Ursuline tradition. A most

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attractive one can be taken from the passage on "Sincerity":

> In order to help pupils to acquire this divine virtue of sincerity, religious must do all they can to help them to be natural, teaching them not to fear to appear as they really are. The child . . . must be understood thoroughly before she can be helped to know herself, to be faithful to her special grace, and to find her true place, the only one in which she will be able to give her full measure.

The basic purposes of the Ursulines are restated repeatedly. For the nuns, it is a combination of the contemplative and active lives, "a mixed life, in which the apostolate is, as Saint Thomas expressed it, the overflow of their contemplative life." That active apostolate is the education of women as a means of "combating heresy and the dissolution of morals": the formation of lay apostolates.

Their idea of education centralizes on the idea of "formation," an activation of the will and intellect and heart. Mme. de Maintenon is quoted: "It is far better that your girls should know less, and that they should understand, and that teachers preferably stress the formation of their judgment rather than the burdening of their memory." To educate in this way, a method used is termed "collective family education." "Each division is a family. Its life should be, not that of the schools of the seventeenth century, but a life adapted as much as possible to the life of a truly Catholic family of today." The nun in charge of the division fulfills an over-all maternal rôle, integrated with that of principal teacher. There is no sharp departmentalization in the studies or faculty or interests or lives of the pupils. It follows naturally, as indicated in the chapter heads listed above, that the course of studies is "humanistic" rather than "elective."

> The primary object of study is *religion,* which must be given a conspicuous place. After religion come the subjects required for the development of the faculties and for the perfection of the two prerogatives which characterize human nature and constitute its dignity, namely, thought and word. The accessories are the subjects knowledge of which, without having a direct formative value, serves to cultivate the mind. The appropriate name of *humanities* has been given to the studies which mold man. . . .
>
> It is absolutely necessary to give children a hierarchy of values. It is important to teach the spirit, rather than the letter, of the law; to bring light to the mind. rather than to crowd the memory; to train the intellectual faculties of the child, rather than to flood his mind with facts. It is necessary that teaching be directed, not exclusively to the head, but to the heart, to the emotions, and to the taste. . . . Lastly, it is of primary importance . . . if teaching is to be formative, that education be presented interestingly enough to develop taste for work and habits of application.

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